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VOL. XV. (New Series). SEPT. 7, 1905. No. 114.

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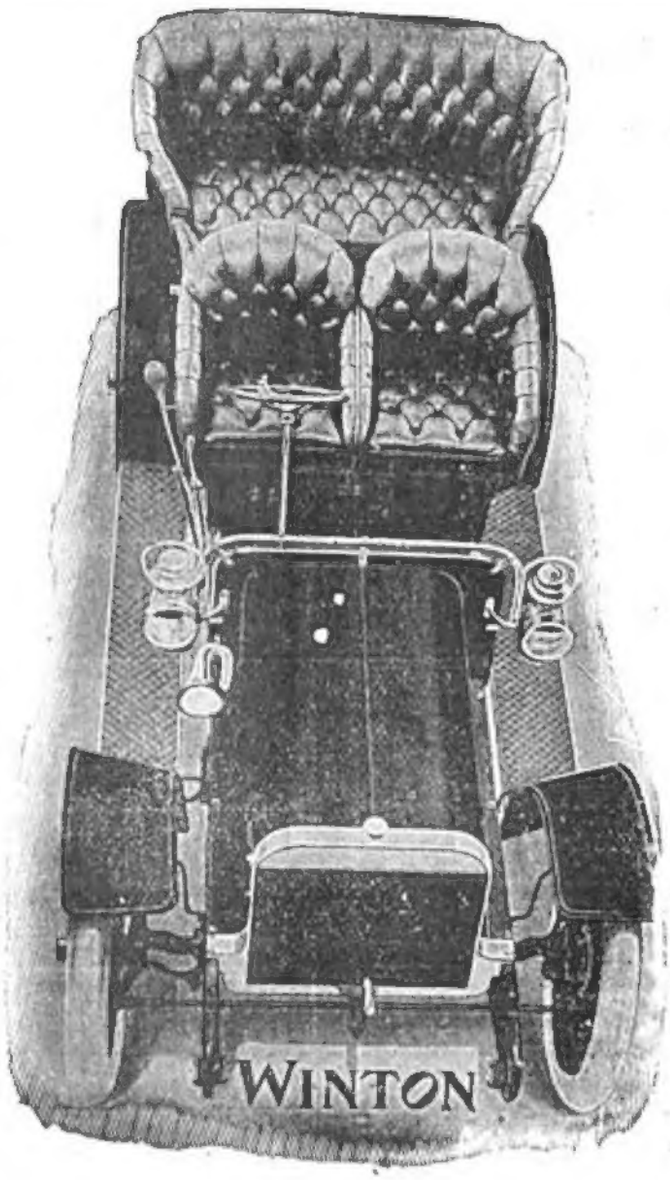

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Vol. XV. (New Series). SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1905. No. 114.

Physical Culture—Sport: Its Use and Abuse.

By EUGEN SANDOW.

DURING what, for a better term, we are pleased to call "the silly season," my contemporaries, for the purpose of creating interest in their various journals, are in the habit of introducing discussions on various questions, social, intellectual, and otherwise. Thus it is that we have innumerable correspondence in the daily papers on such questions as to whether a man has or has not got what he bargained for in the shape of a thrifty wife, or the reverse; whether a woman shall be permitted to enter a place of worship without a "Worth" confection, and so forth. These, no doubt, are interesting to a certain section of the community, despite the fact that they cannot be looked upon as matters of vital public importance. A discussion which has been going on for some time in the columns of *The Standard*, however, is one which has proved most interesting to me, the more so because it is ventilating a burning national question, and bringing more vividly forward to the general public a most vital subject, and one which requires our most earnest consideration.

The discussion to which I refer is being carried on under the heading of "The Use and Abuse of Sport, and its National Aspect," and the correspondence it has engendered should undoubtedly be the means of doing an immeasurable amount of public good by bringing to the notice

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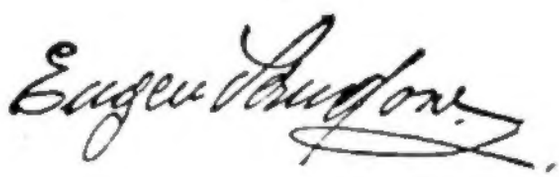
of those concerned the urgent necessity for immediate action in the matter of National Physical Education. I have not been able to read all the correspondence, but certainly the majority of that which has come to my notice has shown the urgent need that is felt throughout the country for some better method of encouraging the youth of the land to take an interest in his bodily welfare.

I am not an alarmist, nor do I think that those whose ideas have been ventilated in the columns of *The Standard* wish to pose as such, and having read their views I agree heartily with the opinion of another writer on the subject, who says: "If they (the correspondents) cannot arouse your readers to a sense of our national danger and our urgent national need, nothing will; and the ultimate decline and fall of the kingdom (I will not say the Empire, even though its heart and brain be lost) must needs come." Strong words, truly, but not a whit too strong. Again, the same correspondent, dealing with the question of these urgently needed reforms, says: "Their discussion taxes minds devoted to, and made childish by, considerations of racing form, betting averages, bowling analyses, motor speeds, . . . and the whole paraphernalia of that wild and feverish pursuit of pleasure and money—yclept sport and success—in which the English people bid fair to share the fate of the Gadarene swine of old."

Yet another correspondent touches a note which appeals to me most strongly, and that is one who refers to the subject of systematic physical training during school life. Would that there were very many more who could be found to voice such sound sentiment as the following: "Cricket and football—magnificent games in themselves—are supposed by legislators, the clergy, and the majority of schoolmasters, to be the Alpha and Omega of physical education. There is the difficulty, and I am very much afraid it will need a Metz or a Sedan to undeceive them. . . . Exercise, scientifically administered, . . . conducted by experts, has none of the wild rush, the wear and tear of football and cricket, and all competitive games, but demands will-power, perseverance, discipline and self-control. . . . Every boy and girl should be thoroughly trained during the entire school life; games would then automatically find their proper level, and the country, when in need, would have a grand army of developed citizens at hand." Perhaps in some respects the correspondent whom I have quoted has gone, shall I say, a little wide of the mark in condemning sport so strongly as he does. Maybe, but that his argument is sound there can be no gainsaying. I hold no brief for those who would do away with all sport and pastime, for I honestly believe that these recreations in moderation are to be encouraged as beneficial to the national physique. But there can be no doubt that at the present time there is an inordinate love of sport which is detrimental. Perhaps we enthusiasts in the matter of the improvement of the national physique are prone to impetuosity, for the bonds of red tape do not permit of celerity in matters even of the most vital importance, but that the powers are beginning to realise the great necessity for the improvement of Britain's bulwarks in the shape of the rising generation, signs are forthcoming, and, let us hope, the time is not far distant when we may see things moving in the right direction, and every man and child with a spark of patriotism in his composition will submit to a thorough physical education.



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Hints on Club Swinging.

By TOM BURROWS

(Champion of the World).

Edited by F. NEVILLE PIGGOTT.

Cinematograph photographs specially for this series by R. W. Paul, 68 High Holborn, W.C.

IV.

IN plate No. VIII. we have described a side glide with three clubs, not—as stated in the issue of Aug. 24th—with two clubs. On glancing at the illustrations, the mistake, which was a printer's error, is very easily understood, for the third club is to all intents and purposes invisible, except in No. 4, where it may be seen in a horizontal position at right angles to the lower club. In order to accomplish the side glide, having assumed the position shown in No. 1, you proceed as shown until the position illustrated in No. 4 is reached, and then, having made the roll or glide, let the club in the left hand describe the lower back circle, whilst the two in the right hand make simultaneously the front and back shoulder circle.

In the next plate (No. IX.) is shown an outward front combination, in which four clubs are used. This particular combination is a difficult one unless you have had plenty of practice, but by starting with two clubs and following the positions shown, the wrists will soon come sufficiently strong and supple to stand the extra strain, and once having got these intricate combinations correct you will have no difficulty whatever in manipulating the four clubs. With this you make an outward combination with the four clubs. Start and finish the movement with a front drop swing, which is shown in No. 4 of movement.

An even more difficult movement is described in No. X., which shows the front windmill swing with four clubs, and here

PLATE No. XIII.

Photo. *R. W. Paul.*

THE OUTWARD SHOULDER AND HIP GLIDE.

all the strength and suppleness of the fingers and wrists are required. To accomplish the movement, if you follow the positions from 1 to 4, you will see that the top clubs of each hand are kept upright, whilst the under pair form a horizontal position to make the cross front glide.

In No. XI. we have another position in which four clubs are brought into use, making apparently a most difficult movement and at the same time one which is very effective. This straight combination is accomplished by making front and back shoulder circles, and a considerable amount of practice is necessary before it will be possible to correctly and neatly perform the action shown.

No. XII. is practically a continuation of the previous set, and if the two plates be placed together it will be seen how they combine to make a complete movement. In No. XII. is shown the extended outward combination, which brings the clubs in the right hand down towards the hips by means of the lower back, front and side wrist combination. Try the two clubs first, until you have the movement correct.

Leaving for the nonce the more elaborate and complete series of combination pictures, I give you, in No. XIII., a set pose, describing an outward shoulder and hip glide with two clubs. In this, it will be seen, you commence from the outside front and back shoulder circle; then change with the left-hand club to the lower back circle, and so bring the club inside the arm. At the same time draw the other club across the shoulder, as shown in the photo. Change to the right behind and left in front. Shoulder and hip glides are most effective when done neatly, and you will find throughout the series of movements that the glide is brought into action in most of the three and four-club combinations, so that it is always a good policy to be sure of proficiency with two clubs first.

(To be continued.)

PLATE No. XIV.

Photo *F. W. Pau..*

CROSS ARM COMBINATION WITH THREE CLUBS.

PLATE No. XV.

Photo *R. W. Paul.*

FOUR CLUB COMBINATION.

PLATE No. XVI.

Photo *R. W. Paul.*

SQUARE MOVEMENTS WITH FOUR CLUBS.

It is Mr. Burrows's intention, providing sufficient promises are forthcoming from subscribers, to publish the series of articles in book form at the popular price of 6d., and he would be pleased to receive the names and addresses of would-be subscribers as early as possible. They may be sent to the offices of the Magazine, 131, Temple Chambers, E.C.

A CHANGE OF POLICY.

"A KEERLESS man in his speech" was David Wostenholme, as the other miners employed by the High Drift Mines Company learnt before his stay at the mine had extended over a couple of hours; and it was but little longer before he proved himself to them, like the hero of John Hay's ballad, "An awkward man in a row."

David's proficiency in the use of incisive, full-blooded vituperation was really amazing, and his fellow workers, themselves masters of the art, were compelled to admit their inferiority. It was probably because of this ability, which could not remain unknown or ignored, that, within six weeks, the mine manager made David foreman of gang No. 7, *vice* Harman, who was given an Irishman's rise.

Before a week had passed Long Dave's gang had earned a reputation for industry which delighted the manager and greatly disturbed the other gangs. The men comprising No. 7 were not unduly proud of their distinction. They would have preferred, in fact, remaining quite undistinguished; for such fame as had come to them was dearly bought by the enforced performance of half as much work again as the former foreman had been quite satisfied with.

They intimated their feelings to their foreman at the commencement of the third week, not verbally, but by their actions; and Dave, whose throat had become a trifle sore, owing to his increased efforts, replied to them similarly. Dave owned a pair of very bony fists and exceedingly long arms, and, in the doubtful light of the few lamps illuminating the tunnel in which the gang was at work, his one eye could see as well as any two; also, being a good general, he did not wait for the gang to strike the first blow; but, finding his torrid remonstrances failed to quicken the obviously intentional slowness of the movements of pick and shovel, and reading the menacing look in the men's eyes, he commenced hostilities himself.

The gang resumed work after a lively ten minutes' altercation; and, notwithstanding the interruption, plied their tools so well that they sent as large a tally for the day as satisfied even their exacting foreman.

Dave grumbled profanely over the bruised condition of his knuckles, and regarded the incident as closed. The gang did not. Being Americans, that is, there was one native born Yankee amongst them, the rest being naturalised Italians, Poles, or Hungarians, they considered they had a double grievance against the "blasted Britisher." Accordingly, when their shift was over, instead of going straight to their cabins, as was usual, they waited to interview the foreman concerning the events of the day. Perhaps their intentions were not quite settled, but, in view of contingencies, three of the gang brought their heavy sledges with them; the others preferred three-foot iron crowbars or pickaxe helves.

In all probability matters would have gone badly for the foreman, as, in the open, he might have been surrounded;

fortunately for him, however, the boy whose business it was to lead the pony which drew the truck loads of ore along the tunnels got wind, somehow or other, of the arrangements made for the foreman's warm reception, and when Dave left the mine he found the youngster waiting for him.

"Mister Wostenholme," the boy said timidly.

"What t' devil art tha wantin?" In spite of the many years the foreman had spent from his native land the vernacular of his birthplace still clung to him.

"Pleas, sir, pleas," stammered the boy, frightened by the scowling bearded face and threatening eyes. He was a very small boy, although fifteen years old, and God knows, he had little cause to love the foreman. A hundred times since Dave had entered the mine had his heavy hand fallen on the boy's head for some trifling or imaginary fault. Even now his shoulders were black and blue from a beating given him because of his slowness in bringing back the empty truck.

"What is't?" Dave demanded impatiently.

"The gang's awaitin'."

"T' gang; damn t' gang! What dosta mean?"

"They're awaitin', awaitin' for yer."

Wostenholme, puzzled, stared down into the dirty, grimy face.

"They're awaitin' for yer as yer goes home, an' they've got their hammers," the boy explained.

Dave understood; his scowl deepened, and seizing the lad's arm, he shook him vigorously. "Art tha lyin'?" he demanded, and the boy shook his head.

"Waitin' are they? an' for me? Be God! then, they'll not wait for nowt," and he laughed shortly, and, with gritted teeth and clenched fists, started forward.

"There's all of 'em," the boy called, and Wostenholme stopped.

Eight to one, and with hammers against his own naked hands, were odds too long for even so tough a fighter as this gaunt Lancashire miner.

With a string of curses on his lips Dave came swiftly back to the corrugated shed where the miners kept their tools. From the various tools and implements resting against the wall in neat racks, he selected a carpenter's adze, a narrow-bladed tool, keen edged as a razor, with a three and a half foot tough hickory handle, light to wield, and a terrible weapon in the hands of a man familiar with its use, and given a sufficiently clear space in which to swing it. More than one of those who lay in wait for him, he thought grimly, as he balanced the tool in his hand, should carry to their graves a souvenir of this night's work.

It was characteristic of the man that not for a single instant did he entertain the thought of selecting a route to his hut different from that which he ordinarily followed, and thus baffle his foes. With grim obstinacy he would go home by his customary road though a hundred enemies threatened him. Of physical fear he had none. If death awaited him in the coming encounter, well, death must come some time or other, and he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he had left his handwriting on the skulls of at least one or two; unless, indeed, a blow from behind laid him out before he could get a chance to use his adze.

The boy was waiting by the door of the tool shed as Dave came out; he shivered when he saw the shining blade, and placed himself directly in the man's path.

Wostenholme had quite forgotten the boy. He was thinking, not without a certain pleasure, of the coming fight, and his bony fingers were grinding carefully around the haft of his weapon, seeking a comfortable grip.

The hand laid timidly on his sleeve disturbed his thoughts, and he swore viciously, and from long habit. "What is 't?" he growled.

The boy pointed to the adze.

"Well, sonny," and a grimly ironical smile lighted the dark face. "Willunt it do, think tha?"

A piteous expression came into the lad's eyes, and he shook his head. "Don't go, sir; don't go, sir," he

pleaded, and pointed along the rough track, bursting into tears.

An accountable wave of tenderness came into the man's heart, and showed itself in his voice. "Don't ye greet, sonny. Ah've coom thra' worse scrapes nor this'n, an' noan t' worse. Happen yon'll change their minds when they sees this."

But the boy still clung to his arm, and resisted his efforts to free himself, and David's brittle temper gave way.

"Let me go, tha fool," he said, and his strong fingers wrenched the boy's hand from his arm. "Let me go; they willunt hurt me."

"It's my father; he's with 'em," the boy shrieked, and Dave understood the cause of his persistence.

"Damnation!" roared the foreman, and, hurling the boy aside, he gripped his weapon more tightly, and, with long strides, hurried in the direction where waited the gang.

Across the path, and disdaining concealment, for the ground they had chosen was a good quarter of a mile from the mine, the gang awaited the coming of their foreman. Little speech had the men exchanged; a few short angry sentences, a hard monosyllable or two, but they had settled what they intended doing without putting it into words. Volumes were expressed by their dully-burning eyes and firmly closed lips, and when they saw the tall figure hurrying towards them they nodded, and stood apart, that each man might have room wherein to wield the weapon he held.

Straight forward went Wostenholme, no hesitation in his quick step; his body leaning a little forward, and his right hand gripping the adze so that it would come readily into use. The muscles of his gaunt, sinewy frame, tough and elastic as steel wire with the lifelong use of hammer and pick, shovel and drill, were tensed ready for combat; clean living and good health were written in his face and every movement, and his black eyes glowed with the light of battle. The picture of a fighter he was; of a man strong and self-confident; tyrannical, overbearing, and cruel he might be, but if his faults were those of the life he had lived, the virtues of primitive human kind had not been debased or evicted by the contemptible conventions of modern civilization.

True to his instinct, he was not going to wait, but to attack; trusting to his length of reach, the lightness of his weapon, and the quickness of his movements to circumvent his assailants. He was cursing no longer, for he needed all his breath; but, as he neared the gang, and gathered himself for the rush that was to land him in their midst, he raised his voice in a mighty shout.

More than one of the waiting men hesitated, and felt his heart beat faster, as the long man charged, his adze raised above his head. But they were eight to one, and the hesitation was only momentary. They scattered, and those at the sides went a little forward, so that the hated foreman should be surrounded, and, thus having nothing to protect his back, be easily overcome.

Three men—two Poles and an Italian—stood together across the path to stop Wostenholme's charge. It came; a crowbar flew up to protect the man against whom the adze was aimed, but at the same moment as David struck, a blow from a pick-handle grazed his elbow, and although the force of his blow beat down the crowbar, the blade's keen edge, instead of splitting the skull of the intended victim, was turned aside and cut into the flesh of his shoulder.

The man—it was one of the Poles—dropped, shrieking, and a perfect rain of blows was directed from all sides on the foreman. A clip from a sledge-hammer fell on his upper arm, but it was a glancing blow, or the limb had been smashed, and Dave roared with pain and rage. A leap carried him beyond the reach of his opponents' weapons, and, swinging round, he slashed the head of his adze from right to left and back again, and the circle of gleaming steel held the gang temporarily at bay.

The men drew back; they would not run risks lightly, and with such terrible

weapons as they fought any blow meant almost certain death; besides, the quick movements of their enemy disconcerted and intimidated them.

One of them—an Italian—a bull-necked, strongly-built and heavy man, made up his mind, and rushed in. If his hammer had fallen as he intended, Wostenholme must have been killed immediately, but the foreman jumped aside, and the force of his blow dragged the man forward and off his balance. Before he could recover himself, the flat end of the adze head struck the back of his skull, and he dropped senseless.

Scarcely two minutes had elapsed since the foreman made his charge, but already the gang, or what was left of them, began to repent of their intention. The men drew further away, for the moment afraid to face their enemy.

The respite gave David Wostenholme time to find his tongue again. His assailants were a good ten feet from him, intimidated and apprehensive, and, had he chosen, now was his opportunity of escape. But the man, cool of brain and steady of hand as he remained, was drunk with the lust of fighting and authority. He spoke, and beneath the fierce storm of invective and sarcasm that burst from his lips, the men trembled like naughty boys before an angry schoolmaster. He scourged them with sharp and bitter words, and, like beaten dogs, they hung their heads. He cursed them for miserable, cowardly, alien hounds, who dared not measure themselves man for man against an Englishman. They fairly cowered before the fury of his words, until one of them, white to the lips, and with an angry, contemptuous glance at his shrinking companions, stepped from amongst them and threw back his head.

"An' yer 'low there's no man here as 'd meet yer face ter face?" the man demanded hoarsely. "God durn yer, I tell yer ye're a liar. A Yankee's as good an' better than any blasted Britisher that ever set foot over here. An' I'll prove it;" and throwing down the pick-handle he carried, he stepped fearlessly towards Wostenholme, his fists clenched, and his whole body trembling with passion.

The foreman looked the man from head to foot with grim approval. "Found thy ploock at last, hasta, Jake Hanlon?" he sneered. "Nay, but Ah thowt ye a better man nor t' fight amongst yon scum. But thee'rt wrang in what tha' say, aw t' same."

Ignoring the huddled foreigners, who eyed the two men with bewilderment, Long Dave let his adze fall to the ground, threw off his coat, and rolled up his shirt-sleeves.

"Art ready?" he asked carelessly; and then the fight began.

Despite the bruised and aching condition of his right arm, which caused him to grit his teeth with pain every time he guarded one of the Yankee's fierce blows, the foreman held his own—and more. Again and again, every time the Yankee advanced, did David's long left arm shoot forward, and each time his hard knuckled fist met the Yankee's hatchet face, and each time it left its mark. But the man's dogged pluck knew no limit, and now and then his right hand fell with telling force on his adversary's head or ribs.

The Englishman was getting the better of it. Hanlon's impetuosity was against him, and his extra weight was wasted against an opponent so superior in reach, activity, and cool science. Still, it was a good fight, a fight good to see, though its duration was not great, and those who watched it were inappreciative.

In less than five minutes a blow under the chin lifted the Yankee clean off his feet, and sent him squarely upon his back. He was up again, a trifle dazed, but still eager and determined, when suddenly there was a shrill scream of "Father! Father!" and the small thin figure of a boy, who, unobserved by the fighters or those who watched them, stupidly, had stumbled, panting, upon the scene, darted at the Yankee, and clutched him frantically around the body.

"Why, 'tis t' lad as warned me," Wostenholme exclaimed, and he lowered his hands.

"Don't do it, father, don't do it!" the boy was saying. "It's murder, an' I've told him." It was evident he had not yet grasped the situation.

The interrupted battle was not resumed. Unnoticed by the others, the foreign miners slunk away, carrying with them their wounded companions, and Jake Hanlon, when he understood what had taken place, grasped the hand the foreman extended to him and shook it heartily, remarking that if all Britishers weren't as good as Yankees he allowed there were some who were.

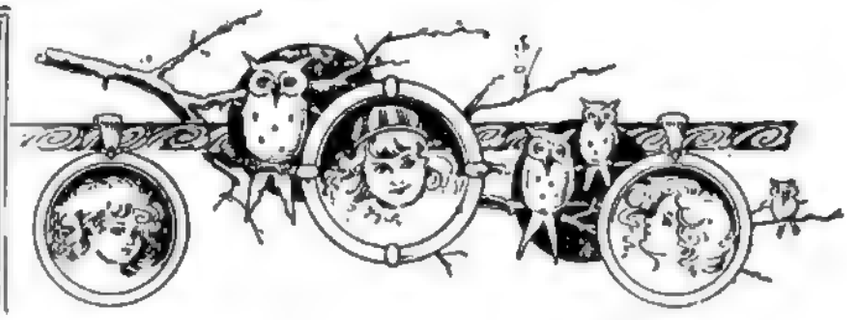
Next morning Wostenholme simply reported to the mine manager that two of his gang were sick, and all knowledge of the fracas of the previous evening was confined to those who had taken part in it, and who, for obvious reasons, were quite content to keep a silent tongue.

It was noticed, however, and the fact excited some comment at the time, that henceforward gang No. 7 was able to get through the work demanded of it without the heated adjurations which had previously appeared a necessity.

Our Physical Culture Competition.

No. 3134 (CHISWICK).

Sir J. Crichton Browne's Advice.



"STOP preaching silly sermons, and teach the people cleanliness," was the burden of the reiterated advice of Sir James Crichton-Browne when addressing the members of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association in London recently.

The clergy, he considered, ought to employ more of their time in helping on the movement towards personal cleanliness, and in teaching hygiene.

"We require more and more the co-operation of the clergy in these matters," said Sir James, "but I mention it with some diffidence, as I have fallen under the ban of many clergymen for saying it, although I am convinced, by my travelling about the country, that the silly sermon is still an existing fact.

"The clergy," he asserted, "would not be a bit the worse if they attended classes for instruction in sanitary science." Sir James concluded by urging that children should be taught cleanliness at home, and that they should be instructed in the art of swimming at school.

In a paper on "Popular Instruction in Sanitation," Mr. James Brand elaborated some novel suggestions. There was a strong reminiscence of Mr. Squeers and Dotheboys Hall in one of the suggestions.

Mr. Squeers told a boy to spell "window," and then go and clean one. Mr. Brand said—

"Practical instruction should be carried out so as to become a system for training the child in habits of cleanliness, and as regards personal cleanliness, this can best be done by periodical washing, or, to give it a name which will not perhaps so readily offend slovenly parents, bathing."

To carry out this personal cleansing it would be necessary to provide baths for every school, and it should not be held to be sufficient to wash the child, or to have him wash himself, but he should be made to prepare the bath and cleanse it, to a certain extent at least, after he had finished.

"The cleansing of the school building," Mr. Brand said, "might also be made a means of instilling habits of cleanliness and orderliness in the children. They should be shown and taught to clean every part of the school premises, and that in a most thorough and skilful manner."

Professor Stirling, in a lecture at the College of Physicians, has just upset the old theory that the body comprises a number of organs, each doing its own work, with the brain as suzerain. He contends that each organ produces chemical substances which excite the next organ to a sense of its duty, and make it fulfil its functions. Thus it is, he explains, that an illness local to one part of the body creates a feeling of general indisposition throughout the human system.

The Hon. F. S. Jackson.

AMONG many other exceptionally readable articles and stories to be found in the September number of *C. B. Fry's Magazine* is an appreciation, by the editor, of the Hon. F. S. Jackson, England's captain in the series of Test Matches concluded at Kennington Oval recently, and one of the finest cricketers and truest sportsmen that ever trod a field. C. B. Fry's insight into human nature seems to be as piercing and keen as his abilities as an athlete. Of F. S. Jackson, the man, he writes:—

"The name of F. S. Jackson connotes all that is best in the best cricket. He is captain of the England eleven, a more than first-class batsman, and a first-rate bowler. There, for most people, F. S. Jackson begins and ends. He is a great cricketer.

"Does, then, that high, broad forehead think only of cricket problems? Do those firm lips tighten only for an effort to compass an extra inch or two of off break?—those keen, shrewd, blue eyes stay wide open only the better to see a fast yorker? By no means. The same imperturbable decision, the same wholesome alertness, the same direct commonsense as are familiar in 'Jacker' to comrades and opponents in Test Matches are recognised in 'Mr. Stanley' by clerks, foremen, and hands of the big business in Leeds. Recognised, too, no doubt, and appreciated, in the boardroom of the *Yorkshire Post*, and of other important companies. But does a single spectator at Lord's know that the batsman whose cutting and driving stir his enthusiastic applause is a director of the *Yorkshire Post*, Limited?

"If ever there was a standing, living, breathing contradiction of the 'flannelled fool' fallacy it is a man like Stanley Jackson. Did you not know him as a great cricketer you would entirely fail to discover him as such in the ordinary relations of life. Such men as he regard cricket, even of the most important kind, as mere interesting by-play. His conversation is not of 'strokes' and 'form,' but of social, political, and broadly general interest. He has succeeded in cricket because, given the physical attributes demanded by the game, he has brought to it the same sterling qualities of intellect and character which ensure success in any undertaking—broad-minded, shrewd common-sense, the power of seeing facts as they are, of being equal to the occasion, the only kind of equality worth consideration between man and man, or men and things.

"It has always been understood that Mr. F. S. Jackson will sooner or later devote himself to a political career. Whether there is proper foundation for this expectation is not quite certain. He has always taken a close interest in politics, he is a good speaker, and he has behind him the distinguished and successful career of his father, Lord Allerton, who is best known for his administrative work when, as the Right Hon. W. L. Jackson, he acted, first as Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and afterwards as Chief Secretary for Ireland. Time and the propitious hour will show. Stanley Jackson is the kind of man the country needs at Westminster; but he might, to judge by the current course of Parliamentary life, find the atmosphere of the House not altogether congenial.

"There are several batsmen who are first-rate on every kind of pitch, but all of them, in some degree, alter their style to suit the occasion. Stanley Jackson adapts his style to the occasion with a nicety of judgment that almost hides the skill. In his manner of playing he does not admit difficulties. Be the wicket dead or fiery, he is unramped, and master of his own free, natural, generous style."

Accompanying this fine appreciation of a fellow-cricketer is a beatifully tinted and striking portrait of "the man who won the toss." It is the picture of an intellectual, shrewd, and powerful face—just the sort of face, in fact, that one would expect to find in a man of Jackson's all-round ability.

Food Values.

* * *

ONE of the most interesting tables in the appendix to the report of the Royal Commission on Food Supply is that relating to the value of different foods. It is prepared by Dr. Robert Hutchison, assistant physician to the London Hospital.

Taking as a unit a caloric, which is the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of 1 lb. of water 4 degs. Fahrenheit, the following results are given. The higher the number of calorics, the more valuable is the food:—

Round of beef, 950 calorics; bread, 1,200; dried beans, 1,495; fine flour, 1,635; sugar, 1,760; oatmeal, 1,800; cheese, 1,880; butter, 3,600.

One pound of beef, therefore, is only about half as valuable as a source of energy as an equal quantity of cheese, while a given weight of bread yields a third more energy than its equivalent in beef.

The above comparison, however, only gives the best foods for yielding energy. The following shows the best foods for repairing the waste of the body in the every-day wear and tear of life. The percentage given represents the amount of proteid in the food:—

Cheese, 30; dried beans, 22; beef, 20; oatmeal, 16; fine flour, 10; white bread, 6½; butter, 1; sugar, 0.

The amount of food required by an ordinary person is somewhat remarkable when comparison is made with an engine. A man requires to be supplied with about 4,600 foot-tons of energy a day. That is to say, his food, if consumed in an engine, would raise 4,600 tons weight one foot high every day. This does not allow for waste.

"The human body is rather a wasteful machine," says Dr. Hutchison. "That is to say, an enormous amount of energy is not turned out as work, but is lost in heat." Considered as a heat machine, the human body is described as being more effective than the best engine.

Underfed School Children.

The Bradford Board of Guardians, which has recently been considering the question of the catering for underfed school children, has accepted a tender from the Bradford Co-operative Society to supply meals at 2d. each.

The meals will consist of:—First day: Beef sandwiches, with rice pudding and milk and water; second day: meat pie; third day: milk and bun and fruit; fourth day: meat pudding.

In order to cover the necessary expenses, the guardians will charge 3d. per meal, this amount to be loaned to the father.

World's Sculling Championship.

How Stanbury Regained the Title.

* * *

James Stanbury, who held the title of Champion of the World from 1890 to 1896, when he was beaten by Jake Gaudaur, who in turn was defeated by George Towns, on July 22nd last regained the title. The result was given briefly in our issue of July 27th, and for the following full description of the race we are indebted to the "Sydney Referee" of July 23rd.

NEW SOUTH WALES has long been unrivalled the world over for professional sculling, and it was in the fitness of things that two natives of this State should yesterday be struggling for the title and £1,000 on the Parramatta River, which has been the scene of so many heroic contests, both between Australians and Australians and "foreigners."

A remarkable feature of yesterday's race was that it was between Stanbury, who lost the title in 1896, and Towns, who so pluckily won it back in 1901.

The connection of Australia with the outside world in these contests dates back to 1863, when Dick Green (who is still alive) went to England, to be beaten by R. Chambers, on the Thames. Ned Trickett did better in 1876, by beating Sadler, on the Thames, but Hanlan, on the same course, was too good for Laycock and Trickett in 1881 and 1882. It remained for Bill Beach to down the Canadian wonder in 1884, on the Parramatta, and then the title remained in Australia, with, in turn, Kemp, Searle, McLean, and Stanbury, till, as stated, the latter lost it to Gaudaur in 1896, and Towns recovered it in 1901.

Most of Towns's good deeds were performed abroad. His only race up to yesterday since he won the championship was against Tresidder, twelve months ago. He won handsomely that day, but old identities were inclined to think that he was not in the class of Beach, Searle, and Co. In fact, on the night after the race, one closely connected with all the matches in the eighties and nineties said that Stanbury at his best could have beaten Towns and Tresidder one after the other.

There were, therefore, two problems to be settled in the latest race for the championship—one, whether Towns was as good as his immediate followers believed, and the other, whether Stanbury would row in his old form, after eight years' retirement and the accumulation of a "mountain" of flesh. Bill Beach, for one, believed he could, and was, indeed, chiefly responsible for the money being found to back him months ago. Stanbury shaped so well under the severe training that his admirers had every reason to be satisfied with their previous judgment. It was a remarkable thing in athletics to get rid of 4-st. of extra weight and still be strong, for in perhaps nineteen cases out of twenty such a thing would not happen. There was however, always the fear in the minds of keen judges that Stanbury would not stand the strain of a severe race over the full course.

While Stanbury had months of training, Towns had only about four weeks, and though, from his physique, he does not need an abnormal amount of work, it was felt by those best acquainted with the circumstances, that he had cut things

too fine, and was not as "cherry ripe" as he should be. However, he was in fine health, and quite well enough for ordinary circumstances. But in such severe contests the sculler has to be prepared for extraordinary happenings, and a few extra ounces of condition make all the difference at the critical moment.

Towns used a boat built in his own establishment, and sculls made by his own hands. Stanbury's boat was from Chris. Neilsen's workshop, and his sculls from Dawson's.

The weather was ideal for a sculling race, or for any outdoor event, for that matter. The interest taken in the race was remarkable. At a very early hour people got on to the steamers which were authorised to follow, so as to make sure of a seat. There were many from Newcastle, Shoalhaven, and even from Melbourne. Three well-loaded steamers left the wharf at Man-o'-war Steps, and there were many others from other points. As we steamed up the river the head wind appeared very stiff, but Mr. M. Rush, the umpire, pronounced it an ideal day for a sculling match. It reminded him of the day when Stanbury and Searle rowed their famous race: a wind behind and the tide favourable, and smooth water. Craft of all kinds were passed, from rowing boats to steam and motor launches, the number of the former being remarkable. When the finishing point was passed it was already black with people, thousands having gathered round Abbotsford, while Bedlam Point, opposite, also had a great crowd. The river was thick with moored steamers big and little, nearly all packed to their utmost capacity, and not at one spot, but almost over the three miles of the course. Cabarita had its crowd, too, and there were more or less people at every point on the banks. The concourse was one of the greatest ever seen on the river.

Among those on the umpire's boat were the Lord Mayor of Melbourne (Alderman Pleasance), Mr. C. J. Roberts, M.L.C., Dr. T. M. Donovan (Moldavia), Messrs. J. J. Macken, F. P. Robinson (Nowra), S. Morton (Nowra), S. Arnott (Newcastle, J. Beales, J. C. Wil-Hamson, S. Hordern, jun., Peter Kemp, Chris. Neilsen, E. Laycock, R. Hickey, and J. H. Bourke Coverdale (Tasmania).

THE RACE.

The water was almost perfect when the umpire's boat, with nearly 500 people on board, arrived under the lee of the land at Ryde Bridge. It was considerably past the time fixed for starting, but the men were not yet out. Stanbury appeared first from his shed at the Ryde Wharf side, and old Bill Beach followed in an outrigger a few seconds afterwards. Both received a cheer. Stanbury, who looked bright and well, came up close to the umpire's boat to find out who had won the toss. There had been no toss at this time, but Mr. Beales (for Stanbury) and Mr. Blackman (for Towns) called, and the latter won. Shortly afterwards Towns appeared from Uhr's Point, and also came alongside. He was smiling, and apparently well satisfied as he bowed to the cheers from the crowded boats. He was told that he had won the toss, and after starting for the mark, returned to ask the umpire a question about the "neutral water" on the south side, as applied to the piers of the bridge, showing that he had his wits about him.

As the scullers were getting ready on the mark (Towns choosing the south side) just on four o'clock, the boat swung round, and few on board could see the actual start. The Press were pretty much in the dark, and it took the umpire all he could do to get a glimpse of it. Those who did see said Stanbury started off at 41 to the minute, and Towns at about 40. As they were coming towards the umpire's boat it was almost impossible to tell who led in the early part, but as they cleared the bridge piles Stanbury, with his faster stroke, was a quarter of a length in front, the time being 1 min. 35 secs. It did not then look to the eye like a great struggle, for the pace had slackened somewhat, and they appeared to be watching one another very closely, as they had done when rowing in front of the steamer in training. The watch, however, showed that good pace was on. But passing along by Uhr's Point, Stanbury, who was rowing a short stroke, and apparently going very easily,

increased his lead to nearly a length, and the partisans already cried,

"IT'S ALL OVER."

To the extreme end of Uhr's Point occupied 3 mins. 55 secs., and there Stanbury, holding his own comfortably, had increased his lead to a length and a half. He had gone further away as they were abreast of the Walker Hospital, his advantage being two and a half lengths, and as Towns was only plugging away without making any impression, the spectators were wondering what had happened to him. Still, his admirers, recollecting other races, were yet confident that he would "come" later on. Stanbury was rowing a very good course direct for the old mile beacon, and appeared to have quite taken the measure of his opponent. Towns looked over his shoulder once or twice to see where his opponent was, but though his form was all right, he showed no life, and was perspiring pretty freely.

To the old mile point, which, owing to the alteration of the course, was close on a mile and a quarter, occupied 7 mins. 31 1-5 secs—good time—and Stanbury led by nearly two lengths. There was no alteration as they made for Putney, and the race was really over bar accident, for Towns, doing his best, could make no impression, while Stanbury kept his lead without any difficulty. At Putney, where the watch showed 10 mins. 30 secs., Stanbury led by three lengths, and off the Gasworks, where Towns had Tresidder beaten twelve months ago, the champion was himself a beaten man, for he fell behind another length, and appeared quite rowed out, though he kept doggedly on, and did not lose his head. At Cabarita, Stanbury had five lengths to the good, but still Towns's friends yelled frantically to him to "go on." He pulled a long, steady stroke right out, but had met a better man. At Gladesville Wharf, near which Towns lives, the champion seemed to really rally for the first time, and with a few extra powerful strokes was overhauling his big opponent. His friends once more hoped for victory, and shouted encouragement, but Stanbury was going easily, and when Towns challenged was able to respond at his ease. At Abbotsford, Stanbury led by four lengths, and Towns made one more desperate effort to catch him. But the winning-post was too near, and though he was drawing up, Stanbury won by two clear lengths without being fully extended. Time, 19 mins. 47 secs., not official.

No official timekeeper was appointed. The *Sunday Times* representative took the time to Putney, but none was taken at the points afterwards. The time given is somewhat guesswork, as the start and finish were not seen. The course, too, is different. Beach did 19 min. 55¾ secs. over the old course against Hanlan, and it is not likely that the honour of it will be taken from him, because this race was unofficially timed to be 19 mins. 47 secs.

The race was, as far as the unofficial time can be taken, much faster than that of Tresidder and Towns, which took 21 mins. 48 4-5 secs. But the conditions were against fast time twelve months ago. The Tresidder race occupied 6 mins. 13 secs. for the first mile. Taking off 1 min. 35 secs. for the time to the Ryde Bridge, the usual starting-point, yesterday's mile was 5 mins. 56 1-5 secs. Of course, it was a "flying start" from there, but again the men had been rowing a minute and a half before reaching the bridge.

Stanbury scaled 12 st. 8 lb.; Towns scaled 10 st. 12 lb.

Towns remained favourite all through. Seven to four and occasionally two to one was laid on him, and it was remarkable that, while many kept backing Stanbury for the sake of the odds, the layers would take no liberties with the champion.

The result was certainly a great surprise to many followers of rowing and athletics. Few except those actually associated with Stanbury would believe that a sculler could retire for eight or nine years, go 4-st. over his weight, and then return to form again. But he was the exception that proves the rule, and he deserves great credit for the self-denial and patience he exercised for so many months. It is doubtful if he was in as good form as ever, but the time for the race was very good (the conditions were favourable). Stanbury was really trained

to the hour, and the long preparation left him in a very solid state of fitness. Towns could possibly have been made fitter, but he thought he was well enough. His showing, for a champion and a favourite, was certainly a poor one, but he met a man of better class. Stanbury was a faster man in his day than Towns ever was, and he has proved that he is still fast, and can stay. While Stanbury excelled himself, Towns seems to have gone off since he last rowed, and maybe he is stale. Stanbury, on the other hand, having the constitution to stand an enormous amount of work, came back to the game fresh, not having weakened his constitution by training for years. He is only 37—a year older than Towns. Those who said he represented a higher class of sculler (he is not so finished in style) than Towns have now the best of the argument.

The judge, Mr. Fitzhardinge, gave the win as two lengths. Stanbury could easily have made it much more, for he really had the race won after the first three or four minutes. He sweated freely, but was fresh at the finish. Towns was all out, and very tired when they pulled up.

STANBURY INTERVIEWED.

After shaking hands with his defeated rival, Stanbury, accompanied by the idol of the palmy days of sculling (Mr. Bill Beach), rowed back to his shed at Ryde. On entering his training quarters, he showed little, if any, signs of distress from the effects of the struggle.

Questioned by a *Sunday Times* representative as to whether he was surprised at his apparently easy win, the champion replied:

"It was not an easy matter. It was a good 'go,' and I am satisfied; when we know the time it will be found to have been pretty fast."

"You appeared to have a bit up your sleeve?"

The champion did not answer that remark directly, but said:

"Towns is a great sculler and a game one, and he kept coming at me all the way."

"You never had any doubt about the result?"

"No; never from the beginning. A man would not have gone through what I have for the last nine months unless he felt pretty sure. The only thing that surprised me was that Towns should have led at any portion of the journey. He had a quarter-length lead at the first half-mile, but at Uhr's Point I knew the race was mine, and never had any doubt about it afterwards, though Towns, as I have already said, is very game."

"You felt well?"

"Never better in my life. Yes, I think I am just as good as when I previously won the championship."

"Is there any prospect of another match with Towns?"

"I cannot say; that entirely depends upon him."

"Regarding the challenge of the American Durnan. Are you likely to make the trip and row him there?"

"Concerning the future I cannot say anything definite until I have seen Mr. Beales and the other gentlemen who were good enough to become my backers."

TOWNS ON HIS DEFEAT.

Talking to a *Sunday Times* representative at his home at Gladesville after the race, George Towns said:

"I have not much to state. I was beaten fair and square by a better man, and one cannot say much more than that."

"Did you feel yourself at the start?"

"Yes, I felt well, and have no excuse to offer on that score."

"Did you row yourself out in the first couple of minutes by putting on too much pace at that stage?"

"No. If anything, I slowed down too quickly in the early part, and let Stanbury get away so far that I was never able to pick up the gap again. I should have kept closer to him in the early part, but if I had done so I don't say that I would have won. I repeat that I must admit being beaten by a better man."

"The only thing I am concerned for is for my backers, who lost their money. I am more concerned for them than for losing the championship. But I can only say I did my best for them."

WHAT BEACH HAD TO SAY.

Mr. "Bill" Beach naturally was greatly elated at Stanbury's success, and when questioned as to what he thought of the race he replied:

"All along I was satisfied Stanbury could beat Towns, and the race to-day simply proves that my judgment was correct.

"No man in the world could have been better than Stanbury, and I never in all my life saw a man more confident.

"Some people were under the impression that Stanbury, having been so long out of the game, it would be a cakewalk for Towns, but I knew Jem was much the better man, though, as Stanbury has already told you, Towns is a game one. Some people thought Stanbury would go to pieces after the first two miles, but the very opposite happened."

"There could be only one in it," interposed Mitchell, the Clarence River sculler, who works with Stanbury in his training. "I knew that after the first row I had with him."

"Rather," added Beach, "and I told everyone from one end of the State to the other to back Jim. I hope they took my advice.

"Towns had a slight lead shortly after the start, but that was owing to the shallow water where they commenced. Immediately they got into deeper water Jim forged ahead, and I knew after the first half-mile it was all over."

"There are two things," added Beach, "which I should like to add. I was pleased to see such a great crowd and to find that the public still had a liking for the good old sport. The other point worthy of mention is that Jim's boat, built by Chris. Neilsen, is one of the finest—if not actually the best—in Australia."

Mr. S. Arnott, who was the chief supplier of Towns's stake, and has been a staunch supporter of the ex-champion, took his defeat like the true sportsman he is. He said after the race that there was no doubt the best man won, and he had to accept defeat in his turn like any other man. Mr. Arnott never wagers a shilling on anything.

After the race was over, many "knew all along that Stanbury would win." As a matter of fact, there was no certainty either way. The Stanbury party were satisfied that their man would row a great race, but if they were sure, he would have been favourite by weight of money. Most of those who backed him did so because of the odds, and some because Beach, in whom there is every confidence, was behind him. But even the best judges were in ignorance until the race was rowed as to who was the better man. There was no line to go on. Towns's true form was an unknown quantity, because he only beat Tresidder here, and Stanbury's form was doubtful until tested in a race. Such a judge as Chris. Neilsen, who made Stanbury's boat, admitted after the race that though he saw as much of the training as any outsider, he only backed Stanbury because of the odds.

It is more than probable that Stanbury, the champion, will accept the offer to go to Canada, and appear in connection with a big exhibition. Beach may go with him.

The following notes of the training of the scullers appeared in the *Referee* on July 5:—

"When he first faced the task of getting fit for this race, Stanbury had something formidable in front of him in the shape of about four stone of superfluous flesh; but he went to work with a will, and in the hot summer months on the Shoalhaven River did some very hard graft. To-day, as the reward of his persistency and good work of his trainers, he is very near his proper weight, and shaping generally as well as his admirers could wish. His daily row, twice over the course and back, is about twelve miles, and he walks about the same distance, commencing with two or three miles before breakfast, and a stroll after dinner and after tea."

The receipts from the steamers chartered by the scullers will be handsome. Last year Towns and Tresidder had about £500 to divide—that is, by terms of the articles, Towns took 75 per cent. This time the returns will be much larger, and there is also a share of the shore takings at Abbotsford. A correct estimate could not be formed last night, but it is safe to say there will be about £1,000 after paying expenses. Towns takes 75 per cent. and Stanbury 25 per cent., according to agreement.

How I have Benefited from — — — Physical Culture.

I AM a product of the day. At an age when my interest should have been centred in physical development, my time was occupied with less healthful pursuits, that being a merciful estimate of the occupation of the leisure hours of many young fellows similarly placed as myself. I had passed thirty-five years without being converted to any such doctrine of Natures. To me the advent of "Sandow" represented my rejuvenation; it was a corrective to a life slipping along the road of self-indulgence. I confess to being no better and (I might say) no worse than the majority, but Sandow's system taught me, as others, that I was indiscreet in the matter of eating and drinking. I could not be a disciple of his and stick to the glass, and for this lesson alone in moderation I am thankful. Like a great percentage of would-be Physical Culturists, I had age and a poor foundation against me, but that was no deterrent, as I did not despair from the start, and can judge results with satisfaction from comparison with others equally interested. I had not the pluck in my youth to join a gymnastic class, but twelve months of grip dumb-bells gave me the necessary confidence, and I now join men of half my years in an evening's healthful entertainment at the gym., and health there is of the robust type to be proud of.

Sandow's equipment is an economical one for me. With it I can entertain myself during unlimited time in the bosom of my family, and I had never suspected the good accruing from the open window until I set earnestly to work at breathing exercises. Not the least results are the dozen and one tricks possible of accomplishment that are quite outside the ken of the laymen. The chief desire of life is the enjoyment of the maximum of health, and I feel confident that in the Sandow system we have the master-key to it. I lay no claim to youth in its advocacy, but I do claim as a result to feeling absolutely healthy, and in better condition than I could possibly have been without it.

I enumerate a few of the symptoms:

A clean mouth on rising in the morning.
A healthy appetite for all meals.
No desire for intoxicants.
Moderation in smoking.
Early rising.
Always enjoy sound sleep.
Digestion much improved.
A more alert condition of mind and body.

I lay claim for Physical Culture that it leaves one richer in health and pocket than many of the pleasures of this life. It teaches discrimination in enjoyment—that is a safeguard to health. A ripe experience of life proves that many pleasures are too exacting, and not worth the toll levied.

I have exercised winter and summer for over four years, and can truthfully assert that my interest has never flagged, and my Gospel is found in the December, 1901, number of SANDOW'S MAGAZINE, the most precious volume on my bookshelf. Summing up the whole subject, it promotes, as far as I am concerned, a greater enjoyment of life, the wish to remain as long as possible a physically active individual, and no desire to abuse the condition Sandow's course has brought me to. My motto is, "Train up a child in the way he should Sandow, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Strong men may come and strong men go, but Sandow will go on for ever.

G. DURNFORD.

Sporting Notes.

Swimming.

The complete results of the recent racing in Sweden are as follow:—

Fancy Swimming.—W. Henry, London, 1; John S. Anderson, Stockholm, 2; S. Johansson, Stockholm, 3.

Plain Diving.—T. Ahlstedt, Helsingfors, 1; H. Johansson, Stockholm, 2; August Richter, Malmo, 3; Eric Muhr, Orebro, 3; G. Melville Clark, London, 3.

Fancy Diving.—H. Johansson, Stockholm, 1; S. Melville Clark, London, 2; Axel Norbury, Stockholm, 3; Harold Goodworth, London, 4.

International Team Race.—Royal Lifesaving Society, 1; Stockholm (No. 1), 2; Stockholm, 3.

Ladies' Diving.—Lilly Akerblom, Stockholm, 1; Lisa Regnell, Stockholm, 2; Elsa Regnell, Stockholm, 3.

International 100-metre Race (109 yards).—B. B. Kieran, Australia, 1; H. M. Dockrell, Dublin, 2; H. Johansson, Stockholm, 3; L. S. Lyon, London, 4. Kieran's time was 1 min. 10 2-5 secs.

International 500-metre Race (545 yards).—B. B. Kieran (Australia), 1; Chas. Norelius, 2; Gunnar Wennerstrom, 3. Kieran's time was 7 mins. 18 2-5 secs., and Norelius's 8 mins. 28 2-5 secs.

International 1,609 Metres (one mile) Race.—B. B. Kieran, Australia, 1; Gunnar Wennerstrom, Stockholm, 2; Charles Norelius, Stockholm, 3. Kieran's time was 28 mins. 2 1-5 secs., and Wennerstrom's 30 mins. 44 2-5 secs.

International 100 Metres (109 yards) Handicap.—B. B. Kieran, Australia, 1; M. Janson, Upsala, 2; R. Anderson, Stockholm, 3; H. M. Dockrell, Dublin, 4; J. W. Kershaw, Heywood, 5.

In the water polo, Stockholm beat the Englishmen, who subsequently succeeded in playing a drawn game.

The special prize for the best all-round man in the English team was awarded to Kieran.

* * *

There is likely to be some good swimming seen at Paris on September 10 in the Seine, as W. Stearne, of Manchester, will be one of the competitors in the race over seven miles. He will be accompanied by Tom Reece, the billiard player, who is a wonderful stayer in the water, and who may annex the second prize. He will hardly go one better than Stearne, as that swimmer not only stays splendidly, but travels very fast. He really taught Billington the art, and has beaten such flyers as Nuttall, Tyers, W. Evans, and E. T. Jones in scratch races. Stearne has been disappointed in his efforts to get backing for a Channel swim.

* * *

The famous Australian, B. B. Kieran, has established another world's record, this time in the 500 Yards Amateur Championship of England, which was decided at the Kirkstall-road Baths, Leeds, before a large attendance. There were three competitors—D. Billington (Bacup), B. B. Kieran (Australian champion), and H. Taylor (Chadderton). From the start it was evident that the issue rested between Kieran and Billington. In the first hundred yards the Australian took the lead, and this he increased until, when half the distance was covered, Billington was about eight yards behind, with Taylor twenty yards

further away. Billington then made a splendid effort with his powerful "clip" stroke, but the Australian was not to be denied, and gradually increased his lead, winning by twenty yards in 6 mins. 7 1-5 secs., twenty-eight yards separating second and third. The previous English record was 6 mins. 25 2-5 secs., made by Billington in 1902. The previous world's record was 6 mins. 10 3-5 secs., made by Kieran in Australia. Kieran has thus established a new world's record for 500 yards.

Rowing.

The Durnan-Sullivan sculling match for the championship of America, which took place at Toronto on August 23rd, resulted in a comparatively easy victory for Eddie Durnan; the Australian being from fifteen to twenty lengths in the rear at the finish of the three miles' course. The winner's time was 20 mins. 56 secs. The race attracted a large crowd.

Tom Sullivan journeyed over from London last July to take part in the match, which was for £400.

Sullivan had previously beaten the Canadian sculler in a mile and a-half race at Winnipeg, but Durnan has turned the tables in unmistakable style.

At first Sullivan led by a length, but both turned on level terms. At the buoy Sullivan went out wide, and lost fully two lengths. His opponent made ample use of his advantage, and increased the gap right up to the finish.

Durnan now intends to challenge Stanbury for the championship of the world.

Wrestling.

At the Borough Grounds, Oldham, on August 26th, a wrestling match was decided between J. Collins (Hollinwood) and J. Barker (Lees). The conditions were to contest the best of three back falls in the Lancashire style, Collins to scale 5 score 18 lbs., and Barker 6 score 2 lbs. the stake at issue being £50. Odds of 5 to 4 were laid on Collins, who soon got on top, but after a quarter of an hour's wrestling Barker gained the first fall by means of the cross-buttock, in twenty-two minutes. The second fall was secured by Barker in thirty seconds, and he won cleverly.

* * *

Thomas Jenkins writes as follows:—"It is now a week ago since I posted money to try and get on a match in the catch-as-catch-can style with Madrali, Koch, Cherpillod, McInerney, or any other well-known man for £100 a-side. Now, I have got very little time to waste, and I am over here for business, so hope some of Hackenschmidt's numerous challengers will spare a little time to attend to me when they are not occupied with issuing challenges to the Russian.

"As I said before, I am ready to meet Hackenschmidt again, but first of all I want to have a run for my money with some of those who, according to the newspapers, are so anxious to get on a match with him. As to McInerney, who has ignored every challenge that I have launched, I will put down £100 (one hundred pounds) against nothing that I can throw him ten times in an hour."

* * *

Lauritz Neilsen has been appearing at the Bedford with success. On the concluding night of his engagement his first opponent was Bert Williams, of King's Cross, who gave a lively display for 4 mins. 33 secs. Bill Scott, of Camden Town, improves every time he wrestles, and put up a very exciting struggle. The pace was rather warm, and the champion had all his work cut out to win in 11 mins. 51 secs. At the second performance W. Collins, of Islington, tried conclusions with Neilsen, and the wind-up contest was worthy of commendation. Each tried his utmost, and the Herculean demonstration was loudly cheered, the North Londoner being ruled out in 12 mins. 17 secs. Jack Richards, of boxing fame, proved an efficient M.C. and referee, Fred Leighton being time-keeper. Syd Payne, the local light-weight champion, was presented with a

silver-plated set of cutlery—a personal present by Mr. Lovey, the manager of the hall—for the splendid show he gave under Ju-Jitsu rules with Neilsen.

Athletics and Cycling.

On August 22nd, at two o'clock, William Buckler completed half the journey in connection with his great walk, having then been going three weeks. The conditions are that he shall walk two miles and 50 yards every hour for 1,000 consecutive hours, a feat which, if accomplished, will beat his existing 2,000 miles record by over 28 miles. On August 23rd the old sailor experienced his first bad time, being seized with cramp in the feet, an affliction which almost resulted in disqualification, but Buckler did the two miles and fifty yards just four minutes inside the hour. Buckler, although complaining of sore feet and smarting eyes has made fair progress, and up to midnight on August 26th had covered in the aggregate 1,253 miles 980 yards. If successful his task will be concluded on Monday evening, September 11th, between nine and ten p.m.

Miscellaneous.

After a varied career extending over thirty years, the veteran, John Roberts, has, we understand, definitely decided to retire at the end of the forthcoming season. Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, who last season gave £1,000 for a handicap tournament on the American system, have launched out to an even greater extent this year, and on October 2 an International Tournament will commence at their Salon, Soho-square, in which the players engaged will "cut up" nearly £2,000. Stevenson, Dawson, Bateman, and Cook are not amongst the competitors on the present occasion, the newcomers being Roberts, Mitchell, Diggle, Weiss, and Aiken, the last two being champions respectively of Australia and Scotland. The affair should prove the most interesting of its kind ever arranged, the competitors' names, with their allotted starts, being appended:—

John Roberts, scratch; E. Diggle, rec. 1,250; W. Mitchell, rec. 1,750; Cecil Harverson, rec. 2,000; Fred Weiss, rec. 2,000; M. Inman, rec. 2,500; T. Reece, rec. 2,500; T. Aiken, rec. 2,500. The heats are 9,000 up.

* * *

Some interesting fencing with the *epée de combat* was to be seen at Etretat, when a London team, captained by Mr. Theodore A. Cook, met other teams of *epéeists* from Havre, Rouen, and Etretat itself. The London team were beaten after a spirited contest by Rouen, who came out winners by a single point. Mr. A. G. Ross fought with *sang froid*, and was only hit once when pitted against the Etretat fencers. In a competition for a cup presented by Mr. Daniell, a member of the London team, Mr. Edgar Seligman was victorious, and made the coup of the day in a bout with M. Duschene, the captain of the Rouen team. Mr. E. B. Milnes showed some pretty work, but was beaten by both M. Arnson and M. Bureau, who were equal for the second place. M. Georges Breittinayer directed the assault with his usual judgment. All those who had taken part in the tournament were entertained at dinner by M. Maurice Jouet at the Etretat Casino.

* * *

The annual championship boxing meeting, open to the Army and Navy, took place in the Gymnasium, Queen's-avenue, Aldershot. The events were as follows:—For officers: Heavy-weights (catch-weights) (cup), Middle-weights (11 st. 4 lb. and under) (cup), Light-weights (10 st. and under) (cup), Feather-weights (9 st. and under) (cup). For warrant, petty, and non-commissioned officers, seamen, and privates: Heavy-weights (catch-weights), Middle-weights (11 st. 4 lbs. and under), Light-weights (10 st. and under), and Feather-weights (9 st. and under). Full results will appear in our next issue.

Our Ladies' Pages.

A pretty little girl of six, with rich brown tresses and bright, laughing eyes, is the latest prospective Channel swimmer. She is Doris Zillah Kay, daughter of Mr. J. Kay, one of the schoolmasters under the West Ham Council.

She said to her father the other day: "I shall swim the Channel when I get older."

The Paris Life-Saving Society has made her an honorary pupil member, and recently she gave an exhibition of land drills and water display before the delegates of the Congress of the Institute of Public Health as practical illustrations of her father's lecture on "The Teaching of Swimming in Elementary Schools."

She won her first medal at the tender age of four.

Her father and mother are both expert swimmers.

* * *

Princess Charles of Denmark is a skilled shot, and as a child was taught to shoot at a target, says the *Evening Standard*. Princess Victoria Melita of Saxe-Coburg, formerly Grand Duchess of Hesse, and niece to King Edward, is another famous markswoman. The Duchess of Bedford is a splendid shot, and so is the Duchess of Newcastle, who killed many head of big game in the Rocky Mountains. The Marchioness of Breadalbane is a first-rate rifle shot and deer-stalker. Lady Loch, a bride of last season, shoots well, and many fine stags have fallen to her rifle. Lady Sandhurst and the Hon. Mrs. Algernon Bourke must also be included among noted deer-stalkers.

* * *

Lady Hindlip is another big game shot, and brought down and brought home a giraffe from her recent travels in East Africa. Lady Delamere has also secured some notable trophies from the African jungle. Lady Wolverton, Lady Helen Stavordale, Lady Vivian, and Lady Juliet Duff are all good markswomen, and the two last-mentioned ladies afford instances of stepdaughters trained by sport-loving stepfathers. Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson is second to none as a noted sportswoman. She has shot stags in Scotland, big game in the jungles of Ceylon, and wild hogs on the plains of South-west Texas.

* * *

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew is another splendid shot, and the list also includes Lady Elena Wickham, sister to the Marquess of Huntly, Lady Constance Scott, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Mrs. Asquith, and Miss

Muriel Wilson. Mrs. Alan Gardner, daughter of Sir James Blyth, has killed big game in the four quarters of the globe, and Mrs. George Cornwallis West shoots as well as she writes or plays the piano. The Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther is a good rabbit shot, and Lady Violet Beaumont and the Countess of Warwick are deadly with partridges and pheasants.

* * *

It is not necessary for the child who grows too fast to stop school work altogether. Permission to absent herself from one or two unimportant classes a week, and freedom from some of the home work, will allow plenty of time for physical culture. With children the aim is not so much to create more muscle as to build up and strengthen the muscular system and correct faulty positions in carriage and growth.

Average weight and height of girls :— Age, five, weight 38 lbs., height 41 ins.; six, 40 lbs., 43 ins.; seven, 45 lbs., 46 ins.; eight, 48 lbs., 47 ins.; nine, 55 lbs., 50 ins.; ten, 60 lbs., 52 ins.; eleven, 64 lbs., 53 ins.; twelve, 73 lbs., 56 ins.; thirteen, 83 lbs., 58 ins.; fourteen, 94 lbs., 60 ins.; fifteen, 103 lbs., 62 ins.

Average weight and height of boys :— Age, five, weight 39 lbs., height 41½ ins.; six, 43 lbs.; 43½ ins.; seven, 47 lbs., 45¼ ins.; eight, 51 lbs., 47½ ins.; nine, 55 lbs., 49½ ins.; ten, 61 lbs., 51½ ins.; eleven, 65 lbs., 53 ins.; twelve, 73 lbs., 55 ins.; thirteen, 78 lbs., 57 ins.; fourteen, 87 lbs., 59 ins.; fifteen, 103 lbs., 62 ins.—*New York World.*

Health and National Efficiency.

Health as a necessary factor in national efficiency and the holiday as a necessary factor in health, form the text of a leader in a recent number of the *Lancet.*

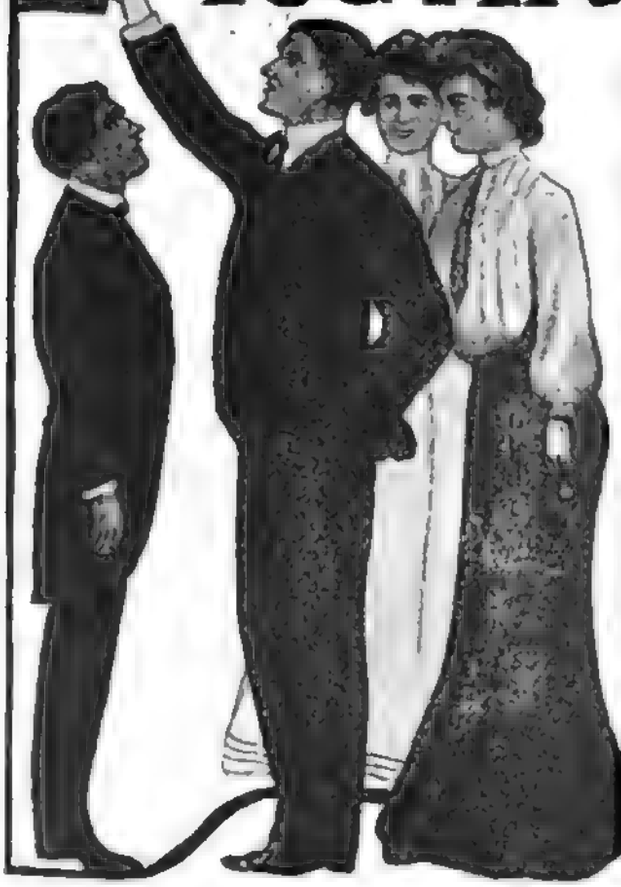
"Physical energy is as potent a factor of success as it has always been," says the writer, "while at our hand there are still innumerable individual examples —and in the Far East an unmistakably national one—that the union of the healthy mind in the healthy body must still take place in any race that would be dominant in all the fields of progress.

"The holiday instinct is after all an elemental call to fresh air and exercise, to healthy hunger and thirst and sleep, which has merely become more clamorous of late years as a protest against the raids upon human endurance created by modern conditions. We should not be deaf to the call.

"As to the nature of a holiday, of that each man must be his own judge within limits. It is idle to lay down any axiom even the oft-repeated statement that the truest holiday is that which forms the most complete change from the everyday groove is not necessarily accurate.

"It is, for example, foolish of the mountaineer to start upon great ventures when fresh from his desk. The holiday must be planned so that it is a source of refreshment. No immoderate athleticism should be allowed to make it a cause of future fatigue."

You Are Too Short



If you are short you will appreciate the unpleasant and humiliating position of the little man in the above illustration. But you are probably unaware that it is no longer necessary to be short and uncomfortable.

The Cartilage Company, of Rochester, N.Y., is the owner of a method whereby it is possible to add from two to three inches to the stature. It is called the "Cartilage System" because it is based upon a scientific and physiological method of expanding the cartilage, all of which is clearly and fully explained in a booklet entitled **"How to grow Tall,"** which is yours for the asking.

The Cartilage System builds up the entire body harmoniously, it not only increases the height, but its use means better health, more nerve force, increased bodily development and longer life. Its use necessitates no drugs, no internal treating, no operation, no hard work, no big expense. Your height can be increased, no matter what your age or sex may be, and this can be done at home without the knowledge of others. This new and original method of increasing one's height has received the enthusiastic endorsement of physicians and instructors in physical culture. If you would like to add to your height, so as to be able to see in a crowd, walk without embarrassment with those who are tall, and enjoy the other advantages of proper height, you should write at once for a copy of our free booklet **"How to grow Tall."** It tells you how to accomplish these results quickly, surely, and permanently. Nothing is left unexplained. After you have read it, your only wonder will be "Why did not someone think of it before?"

Write to-day, using a 1d. postcard, or 2½d. stamp.

THE CARTILAGE COMPANY,
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SPORTING PATENTS.

This list of Patents is specially prepared for SANDOW'S MAGAZINE by Mr. C. F. Ennis, of Jessel Chambers, 88 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., Registered Patent Agent (by Examination), from whom all information relating to Patents may be had on application:—

Applications for Patents August 14th-19th, 1905:—

16483. W. D. Kimber, London (A. R. Ritchie and F. Magrie, Natal). Targets.

16537. R. Elliott, Whitley Bay, Northumberland. Swimming appliances.

16584. J. Gabor, London. Means for fixing in the ground wicket stumps, tent poles, lawn tennis poles, etc. (Complete Specification).

16617. A. Gray, Glasgow. Race starting machines.

Specifications Published August 24th, 1905:—

24882 of 1904. H. J. Haddan, London. (M. Haeussler, Munich.) Sight devices for fire-arms.

11400A of 1905. J. Robertson, trading as Boss & Co., London. Means for adjusting the pull of sporting guns. (Antedated.)

13680 of 1905. O. Imray, London. (Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Co., U.S.A.). Lock or firing mechanisms of fire-arms.

And Editorial Chat.

ALTHOUGH I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, you must remember that space is limited, and I *cannot* prescribe courses here.

The attention of my readers is called to an announcement on the opposite page.

All communications relating to instruction by post should be addressed to me at Basing House, Basinghall Street, E.C., and these will receive prompt attention.

Ordinary replies cannot be answered by post.

S. C. CURSETJEE (PUNJAB).—You will find the conditions of the Competition fully set out each week. Read these carefully and follow the instructions given.

BEN NEVIS (NEWCASTLE).—I am afraid I cannot advise you. It is quite out of my department.

H. WILLIAMS (CARDIFF).—Glad to receive your communication, and to know that the magazine is so much appreciated. All you and your friends need do is to fill up a coupon from the current issue and follow the other instructions given. Thanks for good wishes.

JOHANNESBURG.—Measurements good. A few pipes should not be at all detrimental, but it all depends upon circumstances.

S. G. NEWLANDS (YORK).—(1) I should not advise you to do so. (2) It is never wise to attempt to push matters hurriedly.

YOUR BOOKSHELF IS NOT COMPLETE AND NEVER WILL BE WITHOUT

Vol. XV.

OF

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, SPORT, AND FICTION,

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Ju-Jitsu Notes.

By Prof. VERNON SMITH, of the Anglo-Japanese Institute.

PROFESSOR UYENISHI—the well-known Japanese instructor of Ju-Jitsu to the British Army—is now at Shorncliffe, giving tuition in this interesting art to the soldiers and officers of the camp there, where it is taken up with much enthusiasm and avidity.

* * *

Readers who are interested in this subject will be afforded an opportunity of witnessing the display given by the Japanese and English instructors to the Anglo-Japanese Institute in the art of Ju-Jitsu, at Aldershot a short time ago, on the bioscope. The photographs were specially taken by Mr. West, and will be shown, together with others of "Our Army and Navy," at East Ham this month. Eventually Mr. West will be bringing them to his hall in London, adjoining the Polytechnic, in Regent-street. They include an item, Boxing *v.* Ju-Jitsu, which is a great attraction.

* * *

We have had many opinions of various persons on Ju-Jitsu, but we think the view taken of the subject by Mrs. Roger Watts—a summary of whose article appeared in our issue of 16th August last—is somewhat strong. People who have an idea that Ju-Jitsu is the "Perfect Art," and accomplishes everything in the way of self-defence and physical culture, cannot be considered to have learned or read much about the subject, as no single writer of any repute, and who is acquainted with the practical side of the art and science, has ever claimed for Ju-Jitsu what Mrs. Watts contends they have done. Of course, it has its faults—no system could be human if it did not err at times; but for a reputed lady teacher of Ju-Jitsu to state that it requires strength, gained only by years of hard practice, for a woman to throw a man is not exactly correct, because in the very fact that strength is not essential in its use lies the fundamental principle of Ju-Jitsu, or "The Art of Softness," as the English translation of the phrase is read.

I would also point out that she is not the only lady teacher, the Anglo-Japanese Institute having an instructress in Miss Williams, who is well known in the gymnastic world.

Palmy Days of the Prize Ring.

The importance attached to the doings of prize-fighters in the "Corinthian" days of George III. is illustrated by the following extract from *The Times* of a century ago:—A report has been propagated by the enemies of the Elder *Belcher*, that he is matched to fight the *Chicken*, a pitched battle, for a considerable sum. Nothing can be more foreign from the truth. Belcher has not only had the misfortune to lose an eye, but has long been in an emaciated state, and incapable of any bodily exertion. Besides, he gains a comfortable living in a public-house, and has no thought of hazarding his bread by the loss of his license, for the chance of obtaining a few pounds.

Sandow's Magazine Physical Culture Competition.

Having regard to the rapid strides in popularity which have been made recently by physical culture, and the fact that five years have elapsed since we instituted our Great Competition, which, as everyone knows, culminated in the mammoth gathering at the Albert Hall, we feel that the inauguration of this magazine in its new form would be a fitting time to revive the Competition which was such a signal success before. The conditions on the present occasion will be slightly varied in order to meet the altered state of things which prevail. It will be remembered that in the first great Competition all entrants were on an equal, but as this is obviously to the great disadvantage of those whose bodies are not fully developed, this time we shall give, each month, medals for two classes, full particulars being given in the conditions set out below.

Conditions of the Competition.

(1) The Competition will be for the purpose of encouraging physical culture amongst all classes.

(2) The judging will be from photographs (back and front if possible) and properly authenticated measurements on the coupon.

(3) A Gold Medal will be presented each month to the one who in the opinion of the judges, shows the best development and most symmetrical measurements amongst (a) those eighteen years of age or under, and (b) those over eighteen years of age.

(4) No photos will be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

(5) The right is reserved to publish any of the photos submitted for competition.

(6) **No winner in a previous competition is eligible.**

(7) The coupon on another page stands good until the last day of the month, and the awards will be announced in another issue.

(8) Competitors from abroad will be entered in the month of receipt of Coupon, providing it was sent during the month for which it is available.

As a new generation, so to speak, of physical culturists has sprung up since the 1st competition, it will be interesting to compare the general physique then and now.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE PHYSICAL CULTURE COMPETITION.

COUPON FOR SEPTEMBER.

Name of Competitor .....

Address .....

MEASUREMENTS.

Age	Upper Arm L. .....
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Chest Expanded	Calf R. .....
Waist	Thigh L. .....
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We hereby certify that the above measurements are correct. (SIGNED),

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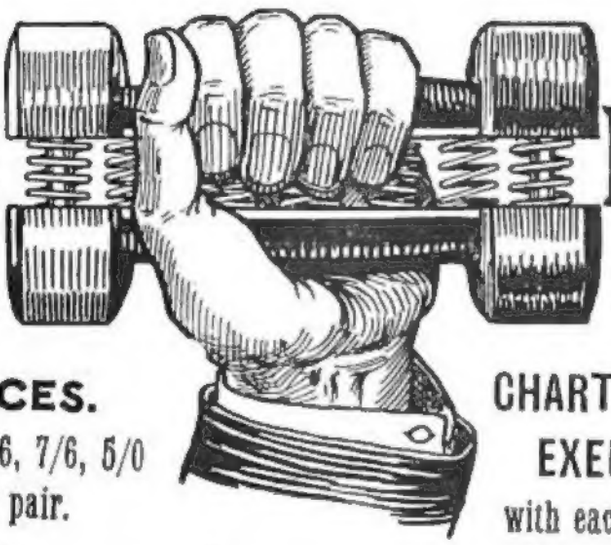

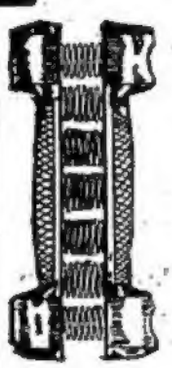

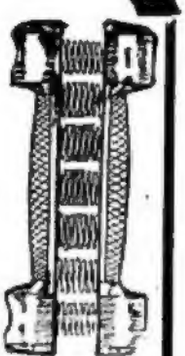

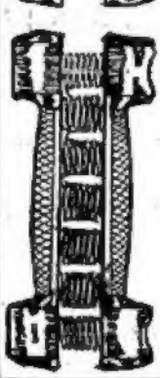

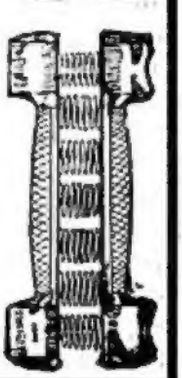

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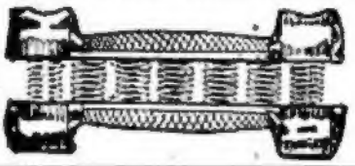

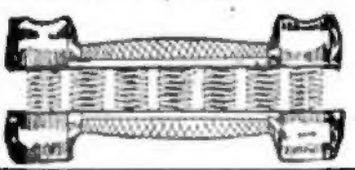

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